

ful. They were all a part of the old Russia, but they were also a part of their new country. They spoke of the United States with warmth and pride and kept telling us what a wonderful land America was. Some called it by an endearing Russian word: "Americhka"—little America. They told us how friendly the people were in this country, free from prejudice, ever ready to help their neighbors. This was new. We never heard immigrants to France or Germany speak this way of the country to which they had come.

We entered an attractive little bakery on Broadway. The owner, an old man, asked us with an unmistakable Jewish accent, "You are Russians? New here?" And then came his story, told in atrocious Russian mixed with English. He had left Russia during the Russo-Japanese War to escape military service and pogroms, settled in New York, and had spent some thirty years here. Though he had seen almost nothing but New York, to him there was no land in the world like America. He had two sons, both doctors, and a daughter who had married a lawyer. What would have become of them if he and his wife had remained in Russia? He was proud of his children, of his own success in life, and, above all, of America.

We talked to many people, humble, lower-middle-class men and women. Most of them were immigrants—Jews, Italians, Greeks. As soon as they learned that we were newcomers, they became talkative. Some complained that business was slow, but all had the same warm attachment to America.

Such was our first impression of New York . . . an overgrown, overcrowded city, but, behind its rush and noise, so much human warmth. This first impression remained vivid in our memories despite other, divergent images superimposed on it. We have seldom found this sentimental attachment to their country among native Americans. Their attitude is more complex. Their emotional attachment is to their state or the town in which they were born, rather than to their country as a whole; they take the United States for granted. The immigrants are richer in experience with which to compare their new country, and they do not hesitate to express their feelings.

We have found less flag-waving in the United States than in European countries. For the intellectuals, this brand of nationalism is in bad taste, tolerated only in political campaigns. We have observed the feeling of national superiority in the American people, but it has usually been expressed in naïve notions about the Old World and tempered by a sense of humor and a widespread inclination to criticize their own country and government. This last tendency has struck us particularly in meeting American tourists abroad. Many of them never tire of complaining about the high taxes in the United